Volume IV Chicago, Ill., April, 1927 Number 1

The Liberal

Afoot and Light-Hearted

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy. free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I myself am good-fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

—Walt Whitman.

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, UPTOWN TEMPLE

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

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"THE LIBERAL" HAS A BIRTHDAY

With this issue The Liberal begins its fourth year. One thousand five hundred copies of this number are being printed—the largest edition we have ever issued. These copies are not given away but are sent to our paid subscribers and sold in the Church foyer on the Sunday following publication. Our advertisers appreciate the fact that the people who get the magazine are sufficiently interested to pay for it. These advertisers make the magazine possible and a word of gratitude from our readers to them would be deeply appreciated by the editors.

We did not anticipate when we started The Liberal that it would develop beyond interesting our own church group. However, on going over the subscription list recently we were gratified to find that we have readers in each one of the middle states, California, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Florida, Texas and Colorado. Copies are also going to the British Isles and Canada. This is all very gratifying to the editors. Mrs. Bradley and myself have done the editing from the beginning and desire to express our appreciation for the kindly reception accorded our imperfect efforts. Many defects are obvious in this little paper. It is far from being as we desire it. The articles are written and prepared in the midst of countless demands on our time and energy. We hope to do better in the future. Ours is a labor of love for no one except the church and the printer receives one dollar of remuneration. The proceeds are all given to the treasurer of the Peoples Church.

Because of the increase of our circulation it has been necessary to make new arrangements with our printer. In order to do this we are increasing the subscription price to one dollar and twenty-five cents a year and the price of single copies to fifteen cents. We feel sure this will make no hardship on anyone. There are twelve issues published during the year—one every month. Each issue contains a sermon by myself and special articles by Mrs. Bradley. The magazine is a mirror of the church life. It will be unusually interesting this summer as we are planning to spend the summer abroad. We are going to the International Congress of Free Religion being held in Prague. The summer numbers will contain articles descriptive of our trip. If you are interested in receiving The Liberal by mail kindly send one dollar and twenty-five cents to Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Business Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago. Only enough copies will be published during the summer to meet the requirements of the subscription list. There are no back numbers available as every edition is exhausted immediately following publication.

We express our appreciation to our advertisers and subscribers and hope as we begin another year that its close will find the magazine still more meritorious.

—P. B.

YE EDITORS GO A TOURING

(Continued from March number)

Although the rain had come down in torrents it soon spent itself, and the sunset glow was reflected in the wet pavement, the houses—and even the trees seemed to catch the roseate light, and for a time the whole town was pink! After establishing ourselves at the New Central House (I do not dare guess how many years ago it may have been new!) we sauntered forth to look around a bit before dinner.

The street runs from one end of the town to the other, with sidewalk on one side only, so that when we stepped down from the porch of our hotel we stepped directly into the street, the sidewalk being on the other side. There are other streets of course—so called—but so narrow one fears to try passing a car coming in opposite direction and with grass grown footpaths in place of sidewalks, running along past little houses set in tiny front yards with picket fence dividing each from its neighbor's yards and the foot-path; every yard crowded with flowers, red, yellow, blue, purple, a riot of color, growing right up to the very door-step. Many of these "streets" are truly lovely lanes, free from all traffic. The town is built on a hillside, and most of the homes face the harbor. I was told that in the early days of its settlement a man would build his home quite high on the hill with a yard running clear to the street, then when his first child married, the young couple would be given a plot in the front yard next to the street, and they built a home with a garden and put a picket fence around it; the next child married would build back of the first one in the same manner—each with a flower garden and fence all around—so that in those days of large families the parental yards eventually filled up with small square, shingled houses, known as Cape Cod houses—famous for the graceful lines of their sloping roofs and the remarkable coloring of their weather stained shingles which have stood a hundred—two hundred years—many of them, with no show of wear.

My first impression (and one that has remained) was of a possible town built by children—topsy-turvy, one house on top of the other seemingly, with low roofs, small square paned windows, little square yards abloom with old fashioned flowers, lovely flagstone paths leading to the door-step, swinging gates and Oh! the gayly colored "shutters," I must not forget the "shutters"—some painted blue—some lavender—purple—green—orange. I wondered—could real grown-up people live there?

Soon I became aware that the street was quite crowded with people just strolling—stopping to look in this window and that—the shops were exceedingly attractive, displaying unusual and artistic articles of various kinds. Provincetown is fairly overrun in the summer by its Art Colony—and no wonder! Our walk led us to the wharf, and there we stood spellbound. The tide was out,—the harbor filled with all sorts of boats anchored to buoys, the ugly, bedraggled, shiny, seaweedy harbor at low tide—but in contrast—beyond was the sea—gleaming in all the prismic colors—the sea at one with the sunset sky, a poem in color! Sturdy fishermen along the shore were drawing in their boats and taking care of their catch. Groups of people in bright sweaters and sport clothes laughed and chatted here and there, adding gaiety to the scene.

Going back to our hotel porch we watched the people, a steady procession passing by, the sidewalk now a promenade, they no longer straggled out into the street as evening advanced, but

crowded the narrow walk mostly in couples interested only in each other's company — hardy young sailors arm in arm with their best girl, young chaps and maids of the town, some singing snatches of song, whistling, laughing, all in the best of spirits, just walking—in the joy of comradeship! As darkness came on we noted the hour and also joined the promenaders until we turned up a pretty lane and found our way to the Theatre having secured tickets for the famous Provincetown Players. What had once been a good-sized barn and converted into a Theatre fairly teemed with artistic atmosphere! The sliding barndoor opened just wide enough to allow one person at a time to enter and show their ticket. The interior was painted cool sea-green and ivory, the seats were long benches reaching the whole way across to make room for as many as possible, leaving only one aisle. Ships lanterns hung along the sidewalls made dim but pleasing light that very warm evening. The drop-curtain was of the oilskin material "slickers" are made of. (I can think of no other curtain that would have so completely suited the place.)

Presently the theatre darkened, the curtain was drawn aside, a softly lighted stage disclosed a room with antique furnishings, and the three act play of "Mr. Pim Passes By" began. There were no foot-lights, no make-up (other than the female portion would use all the time!) So beautifully, so naturally did these artists fill their parts that one felt as though they were looking thru a window into some living-room—eaves-dropping on a private family life. The audience packed in like sardines seemed scarcely to breathe, except when they laughed, so captivated were they with this superb performance! We shall never forget it.

Returning to our hotel, which almost instantly darkened, and its guests seemed lost in sleep, we sought the veranda on the second floor at the back, overlooking the ocean. What a magnificent picture! The tide was high now, and the sea shimmering with moonbeams dancing over the waves; the sky strangely golden —not blue—in mellow moonlight; the air soft and fresh. It was in the second hour of the morning when we tiptoed to our rooms.

The next morning we went up the winding street to the far end of the town and visited the quaintest, most fascinating shops imaginable; these shops are in the homes, usually one or two front rooms into which one steps directly from the entrance door. One walks thru the garden nodding with flowers, and knocks the big brass knocker on the door, which is opened at once by a quaint little old lady,—a rosy-cheeked young girl—an old man whose sailing days are a memory —or perhaps a young man. In any case you are cordially greeted as a friend making a call. "The Hooked Rug Shop"—"The Old Silver Shop"—"The Sea Chest—Antiques," and at the fascinating "Ship Model Shop" I nearly lost my husband—he wanted to stay right there and live among them, so dearly does he love boats!

Going up one lane and down another we found "Billy May—His Book and Art Shop"—this proved another place hard to tear away from, Billy himself being more interesting than his books. Before leaving Provincetown we visited the beautiful old Universalist Church with its remarkable interior decorating and its graceful Sir Christopher Wrenn tower, a cameo against the deep blue sky. We went also to the Pilgrim Memorial Monument which stands on Town Hill, and is a landmark for many miles around, commemorating the entire train of events which preceded the settlement at Plymouth.

Upon leaving Provincetown we drove to Highland Light, and there we thrilled with the scene

we will long remember! Storm clouds were gathering, great waves were rolling in over the sand beaches, pounding and dashing against the rock-bound coast, and although we stood on great rocks many feet above the beach the spray nearly reached us—below us a fine old ship, the prey of some storm, lay rotting in the sand. The lighthouse keeper was typical and we would have enjoyed visiting longer with him, but wanting to make Duxbury by evening we bade him good-bye and went on our way.

Passing thru many little shore towns and villages we noticed numberless signs reading "Fresh Lobsters and Clams," growing fewer and farther apart as we went on, at each, however, our Duxbury host would say " at the next one I'll get some lobster for our dinner tonight"—but the next—he would drive past with a mere glance, so it would be the next—and the next, till his good wife (and the rest of us as well!) feared we had passed our last chance to purchase lobster. We went quite a distance without seeing a sign then came upon one at a turn in the road, at sight of which we all screamed "Stop"! He did, and he procured a gunny-sack full of fresh wiggling lobsters, which he fastened to the running board of the car. Served quite late that evening for dinner to the tired, hungry, merry party that we were, we agreed they were the finest lobsters we ever had eaten; and we have yet to taste their equal.

The next morning being Sunday Dr. Bradley was scheduled to preach in The First Parish Church, Cohasset. It was a lovely drive from Duxbury that brilliant morning, and we arrived just in time for service. It was the proverbial white New England Church, with well kept lawn surrounding it, and fine old trees. The interior was white with a high mahogany pulpit, austere, but with a distinctly peaceful and quiet atmosphere. All the low windows were open to let in the soft summer breeze, sweet scented from nearby flower gardens. We were greeted kindly and after service taken to the Country Club for a luncheon party given for us by some delightful people.

Returning in the afternoon to Cohasset we found the streets crowded with cars, specially the four drives surrounding the Green at the head of which stands the beautiful Church of St. Stephen's. It was the hour for one of the Carillon Recitals, by K. Lefevere (one of the greatest Carillonneurs of Belgium) given during the summer on the Carillon bells in the singing tower of St. Stephen's. We could only linger a little while as Dr. Bradley was to preach in Scituate at four o'clock.

Many of the summer colony attended the service and we found the church crowded to capacity, many even standing out on the lawn. Dr. Bradley gave them a fine and inspiring talk, of the kind I am sure they do not often hear.

After service we were invited to supper at Kimball's Lobster Shop, an old fashioned fisherman's place, right on the harbor. A rough frame building with many plain wooden tables uncovered. The cooking is done right before one's eyes, and there are green crawling lobsters in vats awaiting someone's order to be "broiled" or "boiled." And Kimball himself sits on a low stool shucking clams by the bushel. Out the window the fishermen are seen hawling in their nets—and the waves roll in almost to the door. So popular is Kimball's that we waited sometime before we could be seated. An outstanding feature of this fisherman's place was a very fine painting with an art light hanging on the rough boarded wall; naturally it struck one at once as being out of place in this long low rough building; and then—how bewildering—one looks from the painting (by Bela Ormo) to the scene taking place in the corner—there

are the baskets of clams—there beside a window on a low stool sits Kimball, pipe in his mouth, white shirt open at the neck, sleeves rolled up, bending over a huge pan on a small keg, shucking clams! In the daytime no doubt sun streams through the window upon him, giving the highlights, seen in the picture.—The artist had painted it in those rough surroundings and made it beautiful! The painting had once hung in a Boston exhibit, then Kimball bought it for his place, having souvenir postcards made of it, which are given to each person who visits him. This was wholly a delightful experience. We retired for a good night's rest looking forward to our drive to Gloucester on the morrow.

—Grace Thayer Bradley.

(To be continued in May Number.)

AN EASTER SERMON

Delivered by Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church.

Stenographically Reported.

This is the day in the calendar of Christianity which above every other day stands out supreme in its sense of triumph and of victory. But this day is not the peculiar property of Christianity, for every idea that this day stands for has been attractive to people from the very beginning of human history. Those of you who are familiar with the great study of anthropology will detect this truth—that wherever man has been, wherever man has gone, whatever man has done, he has never been without an Easter. The very word itself does not belong to the Christian religion. Before the character or personality of Jesus was ever felt in this world, man was commemorating the festival of returning life. This is one of the occasions where I covet the ability and the capacity to bring some such new interpretation of the effect of this day into the life of the soul. One has to walk and think very carefully if one does not evidence merely an accumulation of reactions which are based upon the sophistries of much of our theology.

There are two distinct ways in which I could discuss this problem of immortality. The first way would be to enter into a discussion which involves the historicity of Jesus and the possibility of the physical resurrection of the body. There are those who maintain in the Christian church that without the physical resurrection of the body every truth of Christianity collapses. This I do not believe to be true. Truth does not depend upon any personality for its immortality. I could enter into a discussion with you from the scientific point of view of the impossibility, for instance, of the physical resurrection of the body, from the standpoint of view of the purely human aspect involved, but what would that gain, and what would be the advantage? In the first place, I could only use that evidence which every lawyer considers to be somewhat ineffectual, and that is presumptive evidence and not direct evidence. Dr. C. C. Morrison mentions this in a recent sermon on Easter and clearly brings out the difference between presumptive and direct evidence when applied to this problem. I remember that several years passed from the time the actual physical resurrection of Jesus was supposed to have taken place, and the recording of whatever did happen concerning Him at that period of His life. I remember again the fact that there was a disillusioned group of people who left him hanging on the cross and who were the embodi-

ment of intense cowardice. It was not those people that most loyally served him and most loyally loved him that came back again in the moments of his great agony. The first woman at the tomb was Mary, who above all people who had been in contact with Him knew most deeply the great range of His sympathetic understanding. Jesus never preached a theological doctrine to Mary. His principles had to do with all great struggles and triumphs of the human soul upon a world purely in a physical manifestation, and upon a plan of materialism. When he opened up the window of the soul of Mary, He considered the sublime beauties of ethical idealism.

But Mary was the first at the tomb, and even she did not know him, for when she saw the gardener, she cried to him, "Gardener they have taken away my Lord. Will you tell me where they have laid him?" It was Jesus who recognized Mary and not Mary who recognized Jesus on resurrection morning.

So that same principle pertains in your life and mine. Some of the very finest ideas that have been most necessary for us, we fail to see until by great evidence and overpowering sustenance of the divine reality of infinite good we are made to see. The scales were lifted from our blinded eyes and we were able to see clearly that which was best for us. If we can take that into our physical experiences, we come to the truth of Easter morning. Then truly we have received something from the Easter time of paramount and lasting profit. To me it is losing the whole beauty of the Easter moment for a finite mind to attempt to fathom the possibility, or the probability of the physical immortality of a human body. The infiniteness of Jesus is not dependent upon any physical manifestation. The triumph of Jesus as a power in helping the problems of mankind is the triumph of the persistence and reality of good. And if the resurrection has any significance as a symbol, the significance that we are only entitled to and justified in accepting out of our finite conceptions, if it has any significance, it has the significance of that deep philosophical premise that truth cannot die. It was not necessary for Jesus to display physical death. That was very obvious to every man who observes life anywhere. It is perfectly ridiculous for one to say we must die if we must live. The fact of the matter is, that upon the face of it it appears ridiculous to any scientist or any student of life. That passage which says unless a seed is put into the ground it will die, is simply a statement of a situation which does not exist, for if the seed did die there would be no grain. If you plant a grain of seed into the earth, that grain of seed does not die, and if it does die, it produces no progeny. The sophistry of believing that everything has to die before it lives is a poor philosophical mis-statement on the part of so many of our Orthodox friends. The moment you bring to Christianity an orientation of the true significance of the Easter idea, than you are making Christianity an operative force, but the moment you attempt to burden it with absurdities and ridiculous interpretations of physical character you rob it of the very thing which Jesus meant it to be and meant to incorporate in his thought. In the first place, we are not going into eternity. We are in eternity now. The mere perception of our physical limits, that we grade our consciousness upon the basis of time and space is a limitation marked off in the progress of this soul of ours, between these two great unknowns, the unknown before birth, and the unknown after death. And we speak of them as two great eternities. In a proper and a true sense there is only one eternity. We are in that eternity today. Just as that lily there gives out from its heart to our hearts the message of love, just

as it has been drenched by dew in order that it might be perfumed, those qualities of life that have given it the purity of its petals, just as that lily has followed out in its development the laws of the lily, so that lily may manifest itself in a physical manifestation of the Easter lily, for it has within itself all of the elements of the eternal. Moisture is there; light is there; love is there; beauty is there, and that lily partakes of the nature of the infinite, and while it was upon this plane, it has simply been obedient to the laws of the lily. Is it ridiculous or presumptive for the human intellect to suppose that you and I, in space and time of consciousness are only parts of the eternities? We know as the pure physical nature that we are. We know that we have partaken of the minerals of the earth. We know that we have partaken of the light we have in our hearts. There has been love and there is love. We have loved and lost. Each of us as individual identities in this great audience today are all a part of the eternity. Each beating heart here partakes of those qualities which belong to that which never dies. In the true sense, we have only deceived ourselves on the basis of our spiritual reality by ever admitting the presence of death. There is no death. The mysteries by which my heart is pumping blood through these veins and arteries into these millions of brain cells, and motivation by which I am accentuated into expression of these ideas, all these strange mystical processes of the physical belong not to that which is temporary. "Man does not possess a soul, man is a soul," say Dr. Westwood. The soul is not something given to us by some extraneous God as a gift through which some instrumentality can be worked out and he be appeased. We are souls. Immortality is not a gift that has been given to you. You are immortal from the very beginning. And just as we hover here in this great expression of the moment and look out into that which is unknown and undiscovered, what do we gain by barren literalness? What do we gain by trying to understand the physical resurrection of a human body that had been crucified, and whose life blood had poured itself out from the wounds of a sword point? What are we to gain from an intensification of our effort to explain the significance of a physical resurrection of the body, when the fact of the matter is that Jesus implied in everything that he said that it was a spiritual manifestation and not a physical. The reality of religion today is to be found in its spiritual lesson and not in an effort to adjust some physical immortality to certain standards of physical law. It was not necessary for Jesus to defy the law of gravitation by ascending into the sky with a physical body. In the light of all that science knows today of what the sky consists and the mere fact that there can be no definite knowledge as to where Jesus went and to what his abode is at the present time in the physical.

We rob this whole story of its greatest influence and its finest and most beautiful charm by bringing it down to the standards of earth, by attempting to harmonize it to the plane upon which we live. For remember you are dealing with a spiritual genius. Jesus was a spiritual genius, so highly evolved in His spiritual perceptions did He possess the finality of a great spiritual personality, that nothing wrong could endure in His presence, which explains the secret of the miracles. So highly developed was He in His perceptions that He did not need confession for people to reveal to Him the tragedy of their souls. Jesus immediately, in every contact that He ever had with an individual, read him to the utter finality. There was no way by which man could deceive Jesus with his lips, this great surgeon of the human

soul, and He still is the greatest surgeon today, this great spiritual surgeon who only needs to look at you and may see inside to the hidden and the dark places from whence we might think the sunlight of the world had never penetrated. But there He sees, and to bring all this down to that plane and to bring it down to the mere conceptions of its physical significance, to my mind, is defeating the entire reality of this Easter time.

What is the use, my friends, in your life and mine of this Easter time? Well, I think my friend Dean Bergen, who wrote a splendid article in the Chicago Evening Post this week, gives a tremendous insight into the Easter beauty that is not usually considered. We arose this morning, and the sun is shining, and there is Easter in our hearts. Some of you, more fortunate than I am, have had a new necktie, or a new suit of clothes, or shoes, and you are enjoying the spirit of the Easter time, and your souls are flooded with joy. I wonder if in the midst of it all you have overlooked the real significance of the Easter time. My friend Mr. Handelaw found it in that beautiful motto he presented to me this morning, and which will hang there in my study. He found it, that note of this Easter message. Dean Bergen found it. Why, he found the same thing that John Burroughs found when he said "I do not build my house on the highest point of the hill for fear I may get accustomed to the scenery of the valley. I want to keep my best view for my rare moments, and I want to build in the valley and walk up to the mountain peak." You and I couldn't stand the over powering joy of Easter unless we had traveled along the valley. Easter doesn't mean much to people who have everything they want all the time. If you can go out and buy a new suit of clothes every morning, what does a new suit mean that you put on Easter morning? If you can buy a different motor every year, where's the thrill and the joy of riding in the new one about every seven years, the way some of the rest of us have to do? If you can have at your fingertips all you want of life all of the time, what are you going to do for the big moments? If you exhaust your emotional life all of the time what are you going to do for the big moment of love when it may come to you? If you exhaust life how are you going to ever have any Easter?

Why did those disciples see of the physical resurrection and attempt to put it into concrete form? Why, they had seen Jesus a failure. That's the reason. A failure! And I am not so sure but what only the souls that have failed a little along the way really know what Easter is about. I am not so sure but what only souls that have an illumination that is based upon the tragedy of life know what it means to stand bareheaded in the morning sunlight and let the breezes of beauty blow through your hair. Only souls who have had their Gethsemane are souls that know what Easter means.

And so what is the use of trying to bring this all down to physical things, to physical manifestations, to physical relationships? Why, I wept this week when I received a letter from a woman who has to work for her living, and she said, "Dr. Bradley, I want you to know that I refused a position that paid me a much better salary than I am getting today, but it would have necessitated my working on Sunday and missing the services of my church, and rather than work on Sunday, I am staying and refusing an advancement that would mean much to me just now." If that woman is here today she knows what Easter is.

Jesus never challenged anyone upon a physical basis, and when He leaped in the spiritual materialization of His great personality across the miles and revealed himself to the disciples on their road to Emmaus they said, "We

have seen him," but doubting Thomas said, "Well, I am not so sure about it, until I can put my hands in the wounds of his side," that materialization became so intense in its spiritual density that the mind of Thomas felt the physical struggle of his Lord, and felt the warmth of His blood, and said, "I am satisfield. Experiences of that sort are unimpeachable, and always shall be true. You and I have done that, and so my plea to you is this—to see the spiritual significance of Easter, and never mind its theology. Theology has well-nigh ruined Easter, in its effort to explain Christianity in theological terms. It has about killed the finality that Jesus put into His philosophy, until these days we are more concerned with a gospel about Jesus than we are with the gospel of Jesus. As far as I am concerned, I am not concerned about a gospel about Jesus. I am not interested in your theological theories. I am not interested in your scientific limitations, for science is limited. I am not interested in your philosophical incapacity. The scientist says he cannot prove immortality, the scientist says he cannot evidence and demonstrate the fact of immortality, and therefore he suspicions it. The philosopher says he cannot fathom the philosophy of immortality, and therefore is suspicious. And so when science hesitates and philosophers hesitate, then the soul leaps over all, and exclaims "I am immortal." Dr. Morrison says, "If the Crucifixion was the end of Jesus, man himself would have created an Easter." Easter is only the climax of the struggle of the soul in the valley and in the marsh up to the mountain peak, and standing at the mountain peak, let us all wig-wag back encouragement to the thousands who are still struggling and waiting in the marshes of life.

BOOK CHATS

The other day while visiting an eastern city I called on one of our liberal ministers who is having his initial experience with a church. I have known him for several years. I watched him in his seminary work and decided that he has a future in the Liberal Church. My recent visit to his city was the first opportunity accorded me of seeing him in his own church. He is a young man of more than ordinary ability in public address and unusual in his facility of making friends. He inspires confidence and has splendid poise. The free church will feel the impress of his work and personality in the not distant future.

We were sitting in his study—a most attractive room in a most attractive church. It is not a large church and the young minister expressed the wealth of his good judgment when he said, "I could have had any of two or three churches in New England which would pay more than this but here is a future." His face was aglow with the thought of that future. I shall never forget the enthusiastic sincerity with which he said, " am very happy here. "These are wonderful people." What a glorious situation! His first church, the thought of a future and happy in the task!

I thought of the years ahead. I thought of my own experience of the years ago. I know that disillusionment will come to him. Obstacles will be found along the way, friends will grow cold, clouds will gather and many times his heart will ache as he attempts to fathom the mysteries of human nature but this young man will rise above them.

As I sat there listening to him I had renewed confidence in the future of religious liberalism for there are many young men like him scattered over America. The quality of young men in our Liberal theological seminaries such

as Meadville, Union and Chicago is steadily increasing. I know the Meadville students better than the others and they are a group of exceptional young men.

In my friend's study there are two book cases. One is at the left of his desk and in easy reach. the other is on the right and farther removed. I arose and went over to look over the latter. As I did so he remarked, "Oh, those arn't anything worthwhile —they were given to me but these here (pointing to the case at his left) are my books. I know what is inside of them." I went over to the books he mentioned and read the titles. Those books were eloquent as they spoke of that young minister's intellectual life. I learned more of him from them than I had known before. Books are tale bearers. They reveal our mental capacities. My young minister friend dwells in the company of the great. I did not detect an inferior item among them. As I stood there he apologized for the size of his library as though the number of books one owned was an infallible evidence of scholasticism. It is better to know intimately a few good books than to have a superficial acquaintanceship with hundreds. This minister "knew what was inside" of his few good books. As we left his study I glanced at his table and saw there copies of the Christian Century and the Christian Register and I knew that he was not neglecting the best contemporary religious journalism. As we walked down to the station where I was to get a bus which would take me to Buffalo for my evening engagement a group of little children passed us. With smiling faces and hearty greeting they spoke to him gladly. When children greet one like they did my friend one has the essential elements of leading people toward that Kingdom where one cannot enter until they "become like one of these."

—P. B.

THE RADIO MAIL BAG

Our Radio family have been kind to us this month. Their letters have been full of gratitude, affection, encouragement. They are all so interesting it is extremely difficult to choose from among them some outstanding message or special paragraph to pass on to you. A Chicago Radio friend wrote this interesting account of his "religious radio dog, Queenie, an Airedale." When she sees her mistress begin to tune-in on Sunday mornings she stands listening also and looking at the horn (loud speaker) seeming to understand the sound comes from there. Her master says the moment she hears the first notes of our processional she races over the house till she finds him, she jumps playfully about as tho to say "Come on—it's time for service"—if he does not immediately take notice she takes his hand gently in her mouth or tugs at his clothing, pulling him to the room where their radio is placed, when he is seated she sits beside him perfectly quiet, but neither he nor his wife can leave the room without Queenie jumping, scolding, pulling them back until the service is over and the radio shut off! Two canaries sing to the top of their voices when the choir sings or during the hymns, in this same home. We have heard of a number of homes where the canary sings with the choir when tuned-in on Sunday mornings, but this is the most loyal Peoples Church dog we know of!

When I am obliged to stay home and listen-in, "Tim" our own Airedale listens to his mas-

ter's voice mystified and fascinated!

From Evanston a postman wrote "I enjoyed so much your sermon the great "Out-of-Doors," there is no one who knows more about the weather than I, being a letter carrier. Sometimes I'd like to cuss the rain,—and then I think what a mess the weather would be if all of us had a hand in it! I love the out-doors so much that often after walking fourteen miles a day on my rounds I take another walk in the evening just to enjoy it. I enclose a small check—all an underpaid postman can afford." Another letter in appreciation of Dr. Bradley's sermon "The Religion of the Out-of-doors" came from Clinton, Ia., from a poetess living on a farm, she may not know she is a poet, but we know it. Listen to these charming bits from her letter. After expressing gratitude for the sermons she writes "We, living on a farm amongst the beautiful woods, hills and farmlands of Iowa, know there is nothing like the out-of-doors. When I was a girl in England I knew where the first violets, primroses, blue bells and forget-me-nots grew; when I made my return trips (I have crossed the ocean five times) it was with the same feeling of reverence when I saw some of them growing again!" Then she told us of her children's play place being in their timber field "where the mill creek flows thro' it to the Mississippi river. Violets, Solomon's Seal, Columbine and Dutchman's Breeches all grow there. We are indeed fortunate to have so much beauty in the out-doors always with us." Yes, indeed! and more fortunate to have the appreciation of it implanted in your heart! One fairly breathes the woodland and spring flowers when reading this letter.

A beautiful and inspiring letter was received from St. Francis Hospital, Carlsbad, New Mexico, from a lovely young woman who begins her letter with "Daddy just sent me the last 'Liberal.' It took me home again for a brief hour. For the past two years I have depended on your radio sermons and my books for my intellectual inspiration. They have helped me to reconstruct my life values, to mold a philosophy which makes all my experiences and all my contacts with life veritable treasures even though I have spent my time in bed." She expresses deep regret at being too far away to listen-in to The Peoples Church and the hope to some day be able to return to Illinois. May New Mexico's sunshine be good to her!

Dr. Bradley reads every radio letter that comes, and derives untold joy and inspiration from them.

G. T. B.

BEGGING FOR THE CHURCH

Oh! What a misnomer! How often we hear the remark passed by good Christians and church workers: "Well, they are begging again!" Why should it be necessary to beg for supporting Christianity, represented by the Church? What a world this would be were it not for the influence of the church, its ministers and co-workers! Why not drop the word begging from the church catagory and insert "reminding" people of their monetary obligations to their church? If all would come forward and put forth their best efforts at supporting their church there would be no necessity of "begging." Now if one and all would only take the time to think and figure out what it means to keep a church in good standing, they would be amazed at the innumerable unavoidable expenses that accrue. No one can do more than they can. We do not ask impossibilities. Give what you can. If you possess a talent, help the church with it. Some sing, some have executive ability, others oratory, some a certain amount of divinity; use these in the greatest work of humanity, and where is a better place in which to begin, than the church?

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

CHURCH NEWS

It was the finest Easter ever held in the church. Hundreds were turned away from the morning service. Cards of admission to seat holders and members were issued for this service. It was impossible to take care of the general public in the morning and an evening service was held for those who could not get in the church in the morning. One hundred and three new members were received which was the largest class ever received into the church. Following are the names of the new members received on Easter morning:

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Aberdeen, 3737 Osgood St.
Mr. Douglas Anderson, 4623 Malden St.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack D. Atkin, 7553 Ridge Ave.
Miss Pattie Atkin, 7553 Ridge Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Bauer, 1846 Pratt Blvd.
Mr. Herbert Bluhm, 6157 McClellan Ave.
Miss Inez Bogren, 815 Montrose Ave.
Mr. J. Irwin Buffham, 911 Lawrence Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Burroughs, 7609½ Bosworth.
Mrs. Anna K. Cairns, 4732 N. Hermitage Ave.
Miss Sophie Christensen, 4834 Magnolia Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Closter, 811 Galt Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Giles S. Crosse, 4415 Sheridan Rd.
Mr. Robert Croucher, 3048 Diversey Ave.
Miss Gratia Cone, 5245 Magnolia Ave.
Miss Dorothy Douglas, 510 Belmont Ave.
Miss Irene Eddy, 1238 Newport Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Eddy, 1238 Newport Ave.
Miss Marion Ewert, 4220 Irving Park Blvd.
Mr. F. F. Foerster, 6157 McClellan Ave.
Mrs. Edith Gagler, 1548 N. Homan Ave.
Mr. D. DeVere Grigsby, 11 S. La Salle St.
Mrs. Anna Haeger, 4033 N. Major Ave.
Miss Gladys Hamann, 4526 Greenview Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Halbert Handelan, Ingleside, Ill.
Mr. J. F. Hastings, 528 N. Kedzie Ave.
Miss Vernida M. Heath, 633 Fullerton Pkwy.
Miss Edna Hufschmidt, 5342 Kenmore Ave.
Mr. Walter C. P. Johnson, 4711 N. Flournoy.
Mr. and Mrs. Thayer Jordan, 4346 N. Ashland.
Mr. Thompson Jordan, 1725 Wilson Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kredler, 4231 N. Oakley.
Mr. Jerry Allan Lawrence, 926 Windsor Ave.
Miss Leonore Learner, 8036 S. Laflin St.
Mrs. Franklin LeMonn, 530 Diversey Pkwy.
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. H. Mertens, Berrien Springs, Mich.
Mr. Chester Miller, 4117 Lawrence Ave.
Miss Barbara Miller, 2135 Michigan Ave.
Master Daniel Arthur Needham, 1220 Carmen Ave.
Mrs. Gertrude Needham, 1220 Carmen Ave.
Mrs. Catherine Nelson, 705 Cornelia Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. O'Connor, 4431 N. Paulina.
Mr. Geo. V. Parkinson, 4548 N. Paulina St.
Miss Betty Marie Pearson, 4442 Beacon St.
Mr. Fred Pierce, 4209 Moody Ave.
Mr. Henry C. Raasch, 135 Mason St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Miss M. H. Richter, 557 Barry Ave.
Mrs. Violet Ritt, 4209 Moody Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Chas. Roesch, 4316 N. Richmond St.
Mr. Robert A. Rohner, 555 Barry Ave.
Mrs. Myrtle Roper, 6545 N. Talman Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. V. Rumbaugh, 4724 N. Kilpatrick.
Miss Karin Santy, 4605 N. Clark St.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sarner, 1033 S. Oakley Blvd.
Miss Mildred Schuster, 3934 N. Keeler Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Mack Shipley, 4608 Beacon St.
Mrs. J. M. Sipe, 4229 N. Kedvale Ave.
Mr. Melvin Sipe, 4229 N. Kedvale Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Skinner, 4717 Kenwood.
Miss Mildred B. Smith, 5036 N. Kildare Ave.
Dr. Ernest Spieler, 734 Wrightwood Ave.
Miss Elizabeth Spieler, 734 Wrightwood Ave.
Miss Agnes Stellway, 7253 Myrtle Ave.
Miss Stella Stellway, 7253 Myrtle Ave.
Mr. Alfred Taylor, 815 Addison St.
Mrs. Evelyn Taylor, 815 Addison St.
Miss Nora Conley Tenney, 239 W. Marquette.

Mr. Wilfred Tracy, 4867 Kenmore Ave.
Miss Peggy Thompson, 540 Briar Place.
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wagner, 1208 S. High Ave., Freeport, Ill.
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Mr. L. E. Wilson, 111 Gale Ave., River Forest.
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Mrs. Adeline Zoehrns, 4459 Broadway.
Mrs. Helen F. Jasinski, 1825 N. Mozart St.
Dr. Eugene V. Jasinski, 1825 N. Mozart St.

Dr. Bradley's engagements for March were as follows:

1. Address Central High School.
2. Address, Chapel Chicago College of Osteopathy.
3. Address, Chicago Association of Underwriters.
6. Sermon, Peoples Church.
6. Sermon, Congregational Church, St. Joseph, Mich.
8. Address, The Stylites Club Presbyterian Ministers.
10. Address, Paul Revere Lodge Masons.
12. Address, Woman's Club, Michigan City, Indiana.
13. Sermon, Peoples Church.
14. Address, League of Religious Fellowship.
15. Address, Young Peoples Club.
16. Address, Springfield, Ill.
17. Address, Church Dinner.
18. Address, Freeport, Ill.
19. Visited, Beloit College.
20. Sermon, Peoples Church.
21. Luncheon, Chicago Liberal Minister's Association.
23. Address, Freeport, Ill.
24. Address, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.
25. Address, Teacher's Ass'n. Mason City, Iowa.
27. Sermon, Peoples Church.
27. Address, Unity Congress.
29. Address, Richland Center, Wis.
30. Address, Manitowoc, Wis.

Funerals

March 4, Mr. E. A. Sutphen. Interment Graceland.

March 7, Mr. Ludwig H. Thoresen. Interment, Morris, Ill.

March 11, Mrs. Minnie A. Heise. Interment Graceland.

March 14, Mr. Charles Evans, Interment Rosehill.

March 31, Mr. Harry G. Bishop. Interment Rosehill.

March 31, Mr. P. Edward Laas. Interment Rosehill.

Weddings

March 5, Mr. Henry Duret and Miss Viola Knudsen.

March 9, Mr. Geo. A. Mason and Miss Clara Melita Samuelson.

March 11, Mr. Hal Clair Billig, Jr. and Miss Edna Mae Bain.

March 23, Mr. John R. Crane and Miss Eva R. Walrath.

March 31, Mr. Clarence J. Greabut and Miss Joan Razelle.

For the first time in its history the church held a service on Good Friday evening. The service was held in the main auditorium and over a thousand people attended. Dr. Bradley spoke on "What the Crucifixion Means to a Religious Liberal." This service will be given every year and is made possible by the church having its own building.

THE LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

The April meeting of the League was held on the evening of the 18th in Channing Hall with 254 men in attendance. The program was given entirely by members of the League and consisted of six minute articles and comments dealing with some phase of contemporary life. It was unusually interesting. The League has appointed a committee to begin work on the Forum program for next winter. Two speakers have already been secured — Bertrand Russell and Rabbi Stephen Wise. The League will have charge of the Forum

and will offer as an attractive program as will be given in Chicago. Many of the speakers who will appear on the Chicago Forum program will speak for our Forum in the evening. The men of the congregation and radio audience are invited to become members of the League.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

The Uptown Players are busily engaged in the rehearsal of three one act plays which will be presented during May. The dates at the time of going to press are not decided. Our group of players are already acquiring a city reputation and will compete in the Drama League Competition of Little Theater groups. Details regarding membership in this organization will be given by the church office.

EASTER MORNING IN THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The large attendance at church on Easter morning found a reflection in the largest adult attendance that our School of Religious Education has ever had. Special services were held, instead of the usual opening exercises and class meetings. The following program was given. Two songs were sung by the entire school, "God is Love" and "Always with Me." Our superintendent, Mr. C. W. Denicke, gave a very instructive and inspiring talk on the life of the Master, with particular emphasis on the liberal religious meaning of the crucifixion.

It is the beautiful custom of the school to recite in unison "The Lord's Prayer" every Sunday. On this occasion Gladys Wickstrom of our intermediate department led us in this prayer. There followed a short program by some members of the school, which consisted in—

(1) A piano solo, by Elizabeth Collette, of our intermediate department.

(2) A poem, "The Flowers," by Alfred Taylor of the Kindergarten.

(3) "An Easter Story," by Dickie Wallace, also of the Kindergarten.

(4) A piano solo, by Betty Newell, of the Junior department.

Another custom which we have is the performance of a ceremony by the entire school for the child who has had a birthday during the week. The Easter birthday child was Dicky Heath, who placed 11 pennies into the box, one for each year of her life, while we sang "Happy Birthday to You."

Before the school was dismissed with "God be with you till we meet again" and a benediction, Mr. Denicke expressed his thanks to all of the people who attended our school that morning and made a wish that they would all come again. He explained that we were just trying to carry out Dr. Bradley's ideas and to teach the children the power of love in their lives. He extended an invitation to anyone present who loved children to join our teacher's training class which meets on Sunday morning during the school hour.

R. A. H.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB

Soft music—lilting, swinging; swaying figures—gaily garbed; shaded lamps—dimly hanging; floating streamers of yellow, red and black; bright flowers everywhere; tall, lithe senoritas in lace mantillas; dashing cavaliers with vivid sashes; sounds of many tapping feet; murmurs of vari-toned voices; tinkling laughter breaking over all. Spain! with its lure, its beauty and its fire!

Such was the spell cast over me on the evening of April 19, as I sat in Channing Hall, an interested spectator, watching the Young People's Club of the Peoples Church giving a Spanish Party for the entertainment of

their guests, the Young People's Association of the Chicago Ethical Society.

Dancing started at nine and continued until the magic hour—midnight. Over fifty couples were easily enjoying the splendid music of the Lake Shore Band in which handsome, blond Leland Nelson, played the cornet despite the pain of a bad carbuncle. The hostess-chairman, swishing a yellow and black fringed shawl blended effectively into the Spanish atmosphere, as she announced each dance in a foreign accent.

During intermissions, members Bonnie Wilson and Dr. U. T. Utberg played Spanish melodies. The former on the mandolin—Bonnie, we'll use you again—; the latter giving us "Toreador Song" on the piano. Do we love "Carmen"? After that, we did! Red flowers were sold to our members by Edna Gustafson, whose loveliness was enhanced by a black lace head-dress; tiny Lois Hicks with red roses in her dark hair pinned yellow flowers on our guests. We also saw pretty hostess Dagny Sandell and ditto recording secretary Karin Santy, flitting around in black gowns and lace mantillas. We searched in vain for our popular vice-president, when he leisurely strolled in about ten thirty—near refreshment time. A welcomed innovation to our refreshment service was ice cream in individual cartons containing cardboard spoons, and cookies in sealed packages were passed by members—Ashjian, Elfstrom, Eldred, Host Buffham, President Wing, and Howard Orr, who, assisted by Mrs. Orr, was refreshment chairman.

We must mention Ralph Cole, though knowing he could not be present, spent his entire afternoon planning and executing our attractive decorations. This, we feel, the apex of selfless service.

Florence Mellum, our capable chairman of entertainment and secretary-treasurer for the Uptown Players announced 3 one act plays to be given by that company, the middle of May. Definite dates announced later.

Our guests, Howard Shaw, president of the Y. P. A. of the Chicago Ethical Society, and E. Becker, treasurer of same, speaking for their 35 members present, expressed appreciation and praise for the uniqueness and refined joviality of our party.

At the final "Adios", the weary chairman of the evening was happy to see in the reflected smiles and hearty hand clasps that our Spanish Party was a big success!

Donna UnKnown.

P. S. Young People!—married, single, who are interested in social, educational, cultural activities, come to our regular meetings which are held every First and Third Tuesday of each month at 8 o'clock in Channing Hall. Hikes and beach parties planned for this summer. Many interesting events for next fall and winter. Receive regular notices thru the mail by becoming a member, now. Three dollars per year, payable semi-annually if desired. Friends, become one of us; tho' everybody is always welcome at all of our meetings or parties. A wedding at our meeting of May 3.

Ted Meinhardt,
Treasurer.
2601 Windsor Ave.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

When the Woman's Club holds its Annual Meeting verily an epoch in Church history is made, for the reports made by the officers and chairmen on this yearly occasion are of the sort of which history is made and of which any church might well be proud! With Easter Gladness still upon us, the Annual Meeting was held on Easter Monday in Channing Hall, opening at 10:30 o'clock with the singing of "Illinois" and "Oh, Beautiful My Country." The platform had the appearance of a garden abloom with Easter lilies, the many potted plants and palms which had

so beautifully decorated the church for Easter services had been transferred to Channing Hall, and after the meeting were sent to members and friends who are ill. After all the reports had been read the election of Officers and Directors took place. After the nominations were made and votes cast the tellers reported the re-election of all the Officers and Mrs. Floyd Brockell, Mrs. G. A. Schweizer and Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts for Directors. Mrs. Roberts was re-elected, having served one year on the Board of Directors and as Chairman of the Philanthropic Dept., a charge she has filled nobly and well. The beloved little President, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, made a most appropriate and charming speech in accepting her re-election, pledging her loyalty and best efforts toward the welfare of the Club. At the close of the morning session a delightful luncheon was served by Mrs. Brockell's and Mrs. Herzog's group. The Coffee Table was beautifully decorated with a large center floral piece of pink carnations, the Club's flower, and presided over by Mrs. Megelin and Mrs. Thomas, the two outgoing Directors, to whom a vote of thanks was given for their excellent and gracious work as chairmen of "Membership" and "House and Properties" respectively. Mrs. Megelin was also Chairman of the Groups, which she has carried out with great success. The afternoon program was opened at 2:30 by a group of readings artistically given by Mrs. L. A. Closter, and a violin solo by Miss Marie Jamieson, who pleased her audience greatly. A feature of the afternoon program was the reading of the "Club's History and Memories" by Mrs. Preston Bradley, then Dr. Bradley gave a talk under no special subject, feeling inclined, as he said, "on these Annual Meeting days like just talking from his heart"—and this he did most effectively. The meeting closed with a plan to furnish flowers each Sunday for the pulpit, the flowers to be given by some person or persons as a memorial to some dear one; after they have served their mission at Sunday service the flowers to be sent to some sick bed or to cheer a home in sorrow. Mrs. Georgine Russell was appointed Chairman of the Memorial Flower Committee. Those desiring to give flowers can do so by consulting Mrs. Russell in regard to the date, etc. This beautiful custom was started early in the Club's history but given up during the War and never resumed again. Needless to say this is not open to Club members only, but to any friend of the church. The Woman's Club has enjoyed a splendid year and their achievements in every direction have been manifold. There is a great deal more to be said but space forbids!

G. T. B.

BORN FOR THE INFINITE

We may study and travel for eternity, and the mystery of the universe will only deepen at every step; for everything we shall ever learn will only broaden the horizon of that which is beyond us. Is this thought oppressive? It is the only hope for man.....If I could exhaust infinity, I should be merely reading my own death warrant. Immortality would be an absurdity, even as a thought, to a man who could read clear through the nature of things. But, just because we are finite, just because this is an infinite universe, we may take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, we may leap from world to world through an infinity of space, and still infinity is beyond—new fields, grand careers, avenues unentered inviting us on every hand. Thus it is rational to dream that we may study and think and live and love for ever! And the universe, around us, beneath us, above us, grander and grander still and ever inviting us on, may still open before us infinities and eternities unattainable beyond. Minot J. Savage.

('Belief in God,' p. 64).

THE INFINITE

What is beyond? The human mind, actuated by an invincible force, will never cease to ask itself: What is beyond?.....It is of no use to answer: Beyond is limitless space, limitless time or limitless grandeur; no one understands those words. He who proclaims the existence of the Infinite—and none can avoid it—accumulates in that affirmation more of the supernatural than is to be found in all the miracles of all the religions; for the notion of the Infinite presents that double character that it forces itself upon us, and yet is incomprehensible. When this notion seizes upon our understanding we can but kneel.....I see everywhere the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world; through it the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart. The idea of God is a form of the Infinite As long as the mystery of the Infinite weighs on human thought, temples, will be erected for the worship of the Infinite, whether God is called Brahma, Allah, Jehovah or Jesus; and on the pavement of those temples men will be seen kneeling, prostrated, annihilated in the thought of the Infinite.

Louis Pasteur.

(Speech on entering the French Academy, 1882)

"Why dad, this is roast beef!" said Johnnie Carr one evening when one of the "Triangle Club" was guest at dinner.

"Of course," said Dad, "What of it?"

"Why you told mother this morning that you were bringing an old muttonhead home for dinner this evening."

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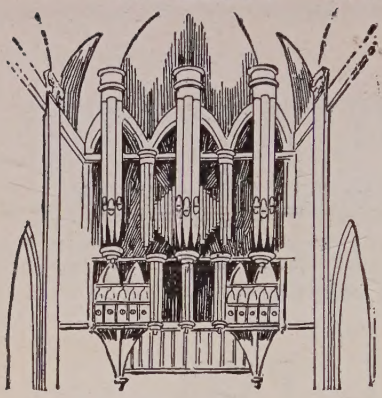

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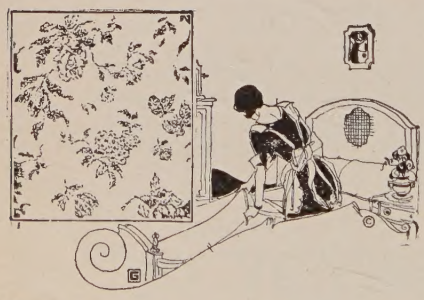

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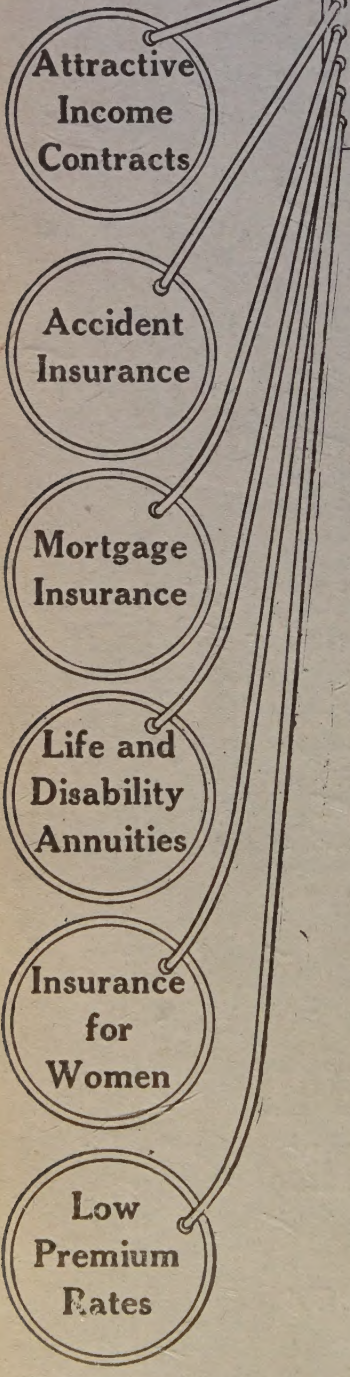

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